

## Halloween Smash by lapits (nadagio)

**Series:** [Holiday Parties and Bad Decisions \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Cheating, Drunk Sex, Dubious Consent, Homophobic Language, M/M, Minor Violence, Not A Happy Ending, Slurs, Underage Drinking, because Steve/Nancy haven't explicitly broken things off yet, due to intoxication

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Steve sticks around and gets drunk after Nancy says he's "bullshit." Drunk Steve makes friends with Billy Hargrove. Briefly. After the drunk sex and the shouting, they're probably not friends anymore.

# Halloween Smash

## Author's Note:

Heed the tags. The sex is not descriptive or sexy or romantic. Steve is very drunk. Billy doesn't care, and then he gets defensive/angry after.

Looking around Tina's party, Steve wondered when being buzzed on alcohol in a room full of people stopped being enough to make him happy, and when getting thoroughly smashed at a party started to seem like a bad idea.

Maybe Nancy was right: it was stupid to try and pretend nothing had changed. But being miserable about it wasn't right either. He didn't know what *was* right, and Steve didn't know what else he could do to make things better. So he stuck by Nancy's side, he drank shitty beer, and he tried to make her smile. So far he hadn't managed, but it was hard to talk over the music screaming in their ears.

Faintly, Steve could hear a chant of "Bi-lly! Bi-lly!" start up outside.

Without thought or conscious decision, his eyes drifted sideways to watch Hargrove enter the house and wipe his face on some hanging toilet paper. Their eyes met briefly and that's all it took.

Steve stood taller as Hargrove crossed the room to face off with him. Something tense and queasy stirred in his gut. Nerves? His impression of the guy so far was "cocky asshole," but that was no reason to be nervous.

On either side of Hargrove, dipshits one and two popped up to taunt, "We got ourselves a new Keg King, Harrington." "Yeah, that's right!" "Yeah. Eat it, Harrington."

Newly declared "Keg King" Hargrove said nothing, although his gaze was unrelenting and his posture aggressive. Not taunting. Steve took off his sunglasses. The eye contact was becoming a little intense but Hargrove did nothing to break the tension. The asshole gave no clues about *why* he had decided to come over and bug him.

Eventually Steve offered a mild, "Congratulations, your majesty."

It broke the stalemate. Hargrove's lips twisted into a smirk, eyes crinkling in what seemed to be genuine amusement as he took a drag from his cigarette. "Gonna try and take back the title?" he asked with a puff of smoke.

"Not tonight," Steve said. He turned to face them more directly and put his hands in his jean pockets. "Maybe another time."

Dipshit Number One crowded in closer and sneered, "Scared, Harrington?"

Steve frowned and leaned away from the stench of alcohol and sweat. But before Steve could express how little he gave a shit about their opinions of his bravery or keg stand skills, Hargrove intervened. He grabbed Dipshit's shoulder and turned him around with a sharp, "Hey, fucker, haven't seen *you* try yet. Think you're all that?"

Dipshit cringed back, effectively cowed, and Steve decided he was done with the whole scene. He turned to Nancy only to find she had run off. Shit. Hargrove started to say something to him, but Steve was already extracting himself from... whatever that was to follow her into the kitchen.

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An hour later, Steve decided that tonight was a good night to get shit-faced after all. It had worked for Nancy, well enough for her to finally admit she didn't love him. That their whole relationship and Steve in particular were "*bullshit*."

Fuck. He didn't want to think about it. He wanted to get drunk and forget. Forget *everything*.

Steve shoved through the crowd to get outside and was quick to spot Hargrove. He beelined toward the new "Keg King" and stepped in close. Hargrove raised an eyebrow as Steve stripped off his jacket with a determined scowl.

"Changed my mind. Ready to lose, your majesty?" Steve said. Hargrove laughed.

“Not likely,” he said. “But tell you what, Harrington, you give it your best shot and I’ll let you hold my legs while I show you how it’s done.”

“Deal.”

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Another hour gone and Steve was thoroughly hammered. Enjoying himself, even. To his own surprise, Steve really had managed to take back the title of “Keg King” and received several toasts from Hargrove afterwards in honor of “King Steve.” After so many drinks his limbs were comfortably numb and his brain pleasantly fuzzy. He could barely walk, but more importantly he wasn’t thinking about Nancy. Mostly.

Instead Steve thought about the cigarette held between his puckered lips, given to him by his new friend, Billy Hargrove. He exhaled a cloud of foul smoke and passed it back. They were leaning back against someone’s car out in the driveway, where they’d gone to escape the few remaining partiers and loud music.

“Never liked these. Much,” Steve said slowly, careful to shape his words right. “Taste like... shit.”

“You eat a lot of shit to know?” Billy said.

Steve tried to roll his eyes and it became a whole body roll that knocked him off balance. Billy tugged him upright with a snicker.

“Noooo,” Steve said. “Jus’ don’t like ‘em. Why you like ‘em?”

Billy took his time and gave Steve’s question way more thought than it deserved.

“Habit, maybe,” he said eventually. “Something to do, something to think about that isn’t in my own head.”

“Yeaaaah,” Steve said. “I get it. Got’cha. ‘S why I was drinkin’. Drank. Drunk. No thinkin’ thoughts in my head.”

They stood in silence for a minute before Billy followed the natural progression of their conversation and asked, “What thoughts are you

trying to drown out with booze, Harrington?”

“...Nance. Nancy.” Steve frowned. “She’s my... was my-? A girl. She’s a girl.”

Billy scoffed and took another drag, muttering, “There’s always a girl.”

“She...” Steve’s frown faltered and became a pout. “She’s real nice, you know? Real good and smart. Better ‘n me. But she said... She doesn’t love me. Said I’m bullshit. Wha’ does that even mean, Billy? Bullshit...”

Billy shrugged. “Sounds like a bitch. Plenty of ‘em out there. You’ll find another.”

“No...” Steve shook his head slowly. “Not like- she’s...” He drifted off.

“Whatever,” Billy said, and knocked his foot against Steve’s leg. “Just stop moping, will you? It’s fucking depressing. Talk about something else.”

Steve hummed and looked at his new friend. Looked at his face, at his bare chest still glistening with sweat in the cold autumn air, lingered on pursed lips and strong hands.

“Anyone e’er tell you,” Steve said, leaning sideways to get closer. “Tell you... you’re pretty?”

“What?” Billy said. His eyes narrowed, lips sneered.

“Pretty. You,” Steve said. He waved a floppy hand toward Billy’s face. “You’re pretty. Pretty boy. Must’a... must be lotsa people tell you.”

Billy’s posture changed, expression hard as he curled closer with a leer. He dropped his cigarette and crushed it underneath his boot.

“Not so many as you might think,” Billy said. “You think I’m pretty, King Steve? Pretty like a girl?”

Steve shook his head, or tried to. It was more of a wobbling tilt.

“Noooo,” he said. “Pretty like a... like a *boy*. You know?”

“...Yeah,” Billy said, relaxing. “I know.”

Billy studied him for a minute, then smirked. He swung an arm around Steve’s shoulders and pulled him close. Steve smiled, eyes glazed. “Come on, pretty boy, I’ve got some tapes in my car I think you’ll like.”

“Music?” Steve said as he stumbled along at Billy’s side. “Gonna listen to music?”

“Sure, yeah, gonna listen to music.”

Down the block, Steven leaned against the hood of a Camaro while Billy unlocked it. Billy opened the passenger door and helped Steve crawl into the back. They sprawled side by side. Steve looked toward the front console.

“Music?” he said. Billy slid close, arm wrapping around his shoulders again.

“I’ve got a better idea,” Billy said. “I think you’ll like it.”

“Wha-?”

Billy cut him off with his lips. By pressing his lips to *Steve’s* lips. A *kiss*, was Steve’s thought several long seconds later. *He’s kissing me.*

Steve’s drunk brain thought that was a great idea and pressed closer with a moan. He opened his mouth and used his tongue and there was way too much saliva and he tasted like cigarettes and alcohol but Drunk Steve loved it. Drunk Steve thought it was the best thing he’d ever felt.

Billy pulled back with a crooked smile, wiping the drool from his lips. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Steve nodded and tried to kiss him again, but Billy shifted and maneuvered until Steve was lying on his back and Billy hovered

above, straddling his legs. Billy's hands slid underneath Steve's shirt and Steve shivered. His hands were cold.

Billy leaned down and whispered against his lips, "Gonna make you feel like a real king, Steve."

"Yeah?" Steve said, groaning.

His insides burned. He shook as Billy's hands and lips wandered, opening his pants and freeing his hardening dick. He cried out as Billy coaxed an orgasm from his body. He watched, fascinated, as Billy guided Steve's hands around Billy's own erection until Billy was sighing into his mouth and coming into his hands.

They caught their breath, kissing in the backseat of Billy's car with its windows fogged up on Halloween night. Steve was drunk as fuck but time and a slow-creeping realization were sobering him quickly.

Steve stared at the roof while Billy reached for a dirty towel and wiped them clean of their own ejaculate. Billy sat up and redid his pants, leering down at Steve who continued to lie with his dick out.

"Uh..." Steve said, but then he ran out of words.

"Not bad for being sloppy drunk," Billy said. His limbs spread across the seat. He looked languid and disheveled. Despite himself, Steve's drunk brain whispered *beautiful*. "Worth another go sometime, at least. Still wanna listen to music?"

"Uh..."

Every second that passed where Steve said nothing, Billy's expression hardened until he finally snapped, "What? Spit it out, Harrington!"

Steve fumbled to tuck himself back into his pants and do up the zipper.

"I, uh..." he said. "I just can't- I'm not..."

"Not *what*?" Billy said, sneering. "Not queer? Not a *faggot*?"

"I..."

“Sorry, *King Steve*,” Billy said, leaning down and gripping the crotch of Steve’s jeans tight in one hand. He licked his lips. “But your dick says something else.”

“I...” Steve said, eyes wide. Speechless. Defenseless. Brain still fuzzy and slow with alcohol. *Was* he? Was he queer? Maybe. He’d had thoughts before... Signs pointed toward some kind of yes, but he still couldn’t... there was *Nancy*! “I can’t...”

“Whatever, I know the drill,” Billy said. He reached forward to open the car door. “Never happened. Don’t even know me, right? Fine. Get out.”

Steve struggled to sit upright, swayed as he swung his feet down and tried not to hurl when his head spun.

“Hurry the fuck up,” Billy said, reaching for another cigarette. “Out.”

“Yeah, just... gimme a second...” Steve said. He closed his eyes and swallowed dryly.

“Fuck off. I said get out. Out!” Billy said, shoving at Steve’s shoulder. “Get. OUT! FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT! OUT!”

Steve cringed away but Billy kept shoving until Steve fell sideways out of the car and onto the curb. Freshly bruised and scraped, Steve dragged himself away with a groan.

“Shit,” he muttered. “Fucking crazy...”

Billy followed him out of the car and gave him a kick to the ribs for good measure before circling around to the driver’s door.

“HAPPY FUCKING HALLOWEEN, HARRINGTON!” Billy shouted. The car door slammed behind him, the engine roared, and very soon the Camaro was peeling down the road with a screech of its tires.

Steve stared up at the night sky, still sprawled out on the ground, and focused on breathing. It didn’t help the nausea. It wasn’t long before he was bent over and vomiting into the bushes, brooding over the night’s events and wondering how this had become his life.



Happy fucking Halloween, Harrington.

**Author's Note:**

The Halloween party seems like a missed opportunity for Harringrove moments. If you squint this could maybe be canon compliant, making Billy extra dickish during the basketball scene by pretending not to know Steve already.

Thanks for reading.